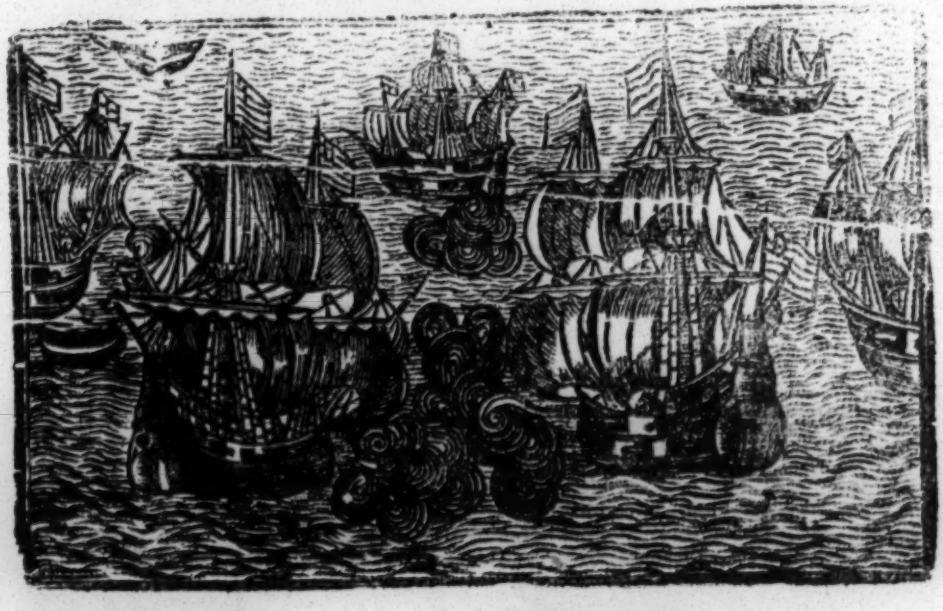
The Jovial Marriner;

OR,

The Sea-mans Renown.

Sail forth bold Sea-men, plough the Liquid Main,
Fear neither ſtorms nor Pirats, ſtrive for gain.
Whilſt others ſleep at home in a whole skin,
Your brave adventures ſhall great honour win.
To the Tune of, I am a Jovial Batchelor, &c. J.P.



I am a Jovial Marriner
our calling is well known.
We trade with many a Forreigner
to purchaſe high renown,
We ſerve our Country faithfully
and bring home ſtore of Gold;
We do our buſineſs manfully,
for we are free and bold:
A Sea-man hath a valiant heart
and bears a noble minde:
He ſcorneth once to ſhrink or ſtart,
for any ſtormy wind.

'Tis known what hardſhip we indure
abroad upon the Seas:
Whilſt others ſleep at home ſecure,
and ſpend their time in eaſe,
We ſeldome dare lie down to reſt
leſt danger ſhould enſue:
Our heads with care is ſore oppreſt,
believe me this is true,
A Sea-man hath a valiant heart, &c.

A Cowardly ſpirit muſt not think
to prove a Sea-man bold;
For to be ſure he may not ſhrink
in dangers manifold:
When Sea-fights happen on the Main,
and dreadful Canons roar.
Then all men fight or elſe be ſlain,
for we have no back door.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

'Tis Sea-men ſtout that doth deſerve
both honour and renown,
In perils great we may not ſwerve
though Neptune ſeem to frown:
If once his curled front we ſpy
drencht in the foamy brine;
Then each man doth his buſineſs ply
there's none that doth repine.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

When angry Billows brim the Skye,
moſt hideous to behold,
Then up our Ships are toſt on hye,
and with the waves are roul'd;
When tempeſts fierce our ſails doth tear
and rends the Maſts aſunder.
Then we have great cauſe to fear
or elſe it were a wonder.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

Great Rocks which lye amongſt the waves
doth threaten us with death.
And many Sea-men finde their Graves
in Sands which are beneath;
To ſee the Maſts of Ships appear,
which hath been caſt away,
Would make a Land-man dye for fear,
'tis beſt at home to ſtay.
A Sea-man hath a valiant heart
and bears a noble minde:
He ſcorneth once to ſhrink or ſtart,
for any ſtormy wind.

BRave England hath been much inricht
by Art of Navigation:
Great ſtore of wealth we home have
for to adorn our Nation: (fetcht
Our Merchants ſtill we do ſupply
with Traffick that is rare,
When Sea-men caſt pour caps on high
we are without compare,
A Sea-man hath a valiant heart,
and bears a noble minde:
He ſcorneth once to flinch or ſtart
for any ſtormy wind.

Who ſhould the Ladies pallats pleaſe
with Spices of the beſt?
If Sea-men all ſhould take their eaſe
and ſtay at home to reſt:
Our Gallants they would finde a want
of ſilks to make them fine:
And tearing hopes no more would rant
if once they wanted wine.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

Our Land it would invaded be
if Sea-men were not ſtout;
We let our friends come in you ſee
and keep our foes without;
Our priviledge upon the Seas
we bravely do maintain,
And can enlarge it when we pleaſe
in Royal Charles his Reign.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

Such Countries as do lie remote
doth tremble at our fame:
For we have taught them all to note
'tis England bears the Name:
In forreign parts where ere we come
our valour is well known,
What ere they be they dare not mumm
if we ſay all's our own.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

When as our Ships with Merchandize
are ſafely come to ſhore,
No men like us under the Skies
to drink, to ſing, and roare:
Good wine and beer we freely tope,
until the ground look blew:
We value neither Turk nor Pope;
we are a jovial crew.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

We kiſs our wives when we return,
who long for us did wait:
And he that's ſingle needs not mourn,
he cannot want a mate.
Young women ſtill are wondrous kinde
to Sea-men in their need;
And ſure it ſhews a courteous minde,
to do a friendly deed.
A Sea man hath, &c.

With pretty curious dainty knacks,
we pleaſe the females well:
We know what longing women lacks,
moſt ſurely we can tell,
A Sea-man is a Cock oth' Game,
Young Maidens finde it true:
We never are ſo much to blame,
to let them want their due.
A Sea-man hath, &c.

Thus Gallant Sea-men I have ſpread
abroad pour high renown:
Which ſhall ſurvive when you are dead,
and gain a laſting Crown;
Pour praiſe to future ages ſhall
moſt glorioully appear,
Then courage Noble Sea-men all
'tis you I love moſt dear.
A Sea-man hath a valiant heart
and bears a noble minde:
He ſcorneth once to ſhrink or ſtart,
for any ſtormy wind. Finis.

London, Printed for T. Paſſenger, on London-Bridge. With priviledge.